

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

# MODERN

## COMICS

MARCH  
NO. 59

GALLANT  
**BLACKHAWK**  
TO THE  
RESCUE!

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NOVELTIES, JONES, MAGIC  
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ELIZABETH, N.J.

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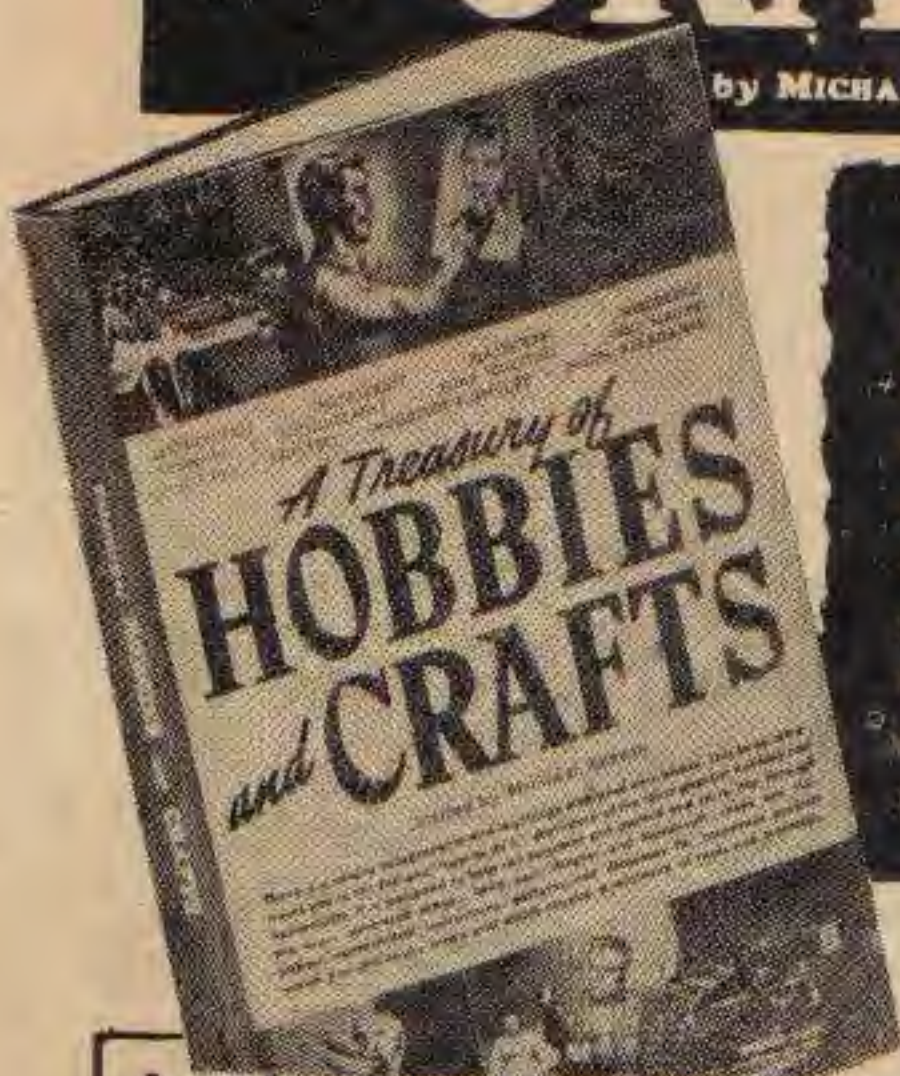
# A Treasury of HOBBIES and CRAFTS

by MICHAEL ESTRIN

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# BLACKHAWK



High is the mountain -- low  
are its sinister denizens!

From above the clouds a weird menace  
looked down upon the dwellers in the  
valleys below --- and up to face the  
threat of evil, came the world's  
greatest group of fighters and  
their leader,

***Blackhawk!***



**A**TOP a high peak of the world's greatest mountain range, a new astronomical observatory is being completed....

WITHOUT YOU, BLACKHAWK, WE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO CONTINUE OUR RESEARCH! YOU'VE MADE DIFFICULT LANDINGS UP ON THIS LEDGE TO BRING US THE EQUIPMENT AND SUPPLIES WE NEED!

A SERVICE TO SCIENCE, DOCTOR--WHICH IS A SERVICE TO THE WORLD!

IN MY SMALL HELICOPTER, IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN MONTHS! BUT COME -- ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU OUR NEW TELESCOPE! IT WILL SOLVE MANY SECRETS OF THE SKY!

A PLEASURE, DOCTOR! COME ALONG, ANDRE!

WITH THE AID OF THIS INSTRUMENT, WE CAN OBSERVE **MARS**!

VRAIMENT! AND WIZ ZE AID OF ZEES ONE, I CAN SEE **VENUS**!

BUT, MONSIEUR ANDRE! THAT SMALL TELESCOPE IS TRAINED ON ANOTHER MOUNTAIN PEAK OPPOSITE THIS!

EET EES **VENUS**, I SAY! LOOK, BLACKHAWK, FOR YOURSELF!

Taking Andre's place at the telescope, Blackhawk sees...

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, DOCTOR -- ANDRE ADMIRES A **SPECIAL** KIND OF NATURAL WONDER --

REGARD! LOOK! QUEL HORREUR!

WHAT IS IT, ANDRE?

ZE LOVELY MA'M'SELLE -- SHE EES **EEN DANGER**!













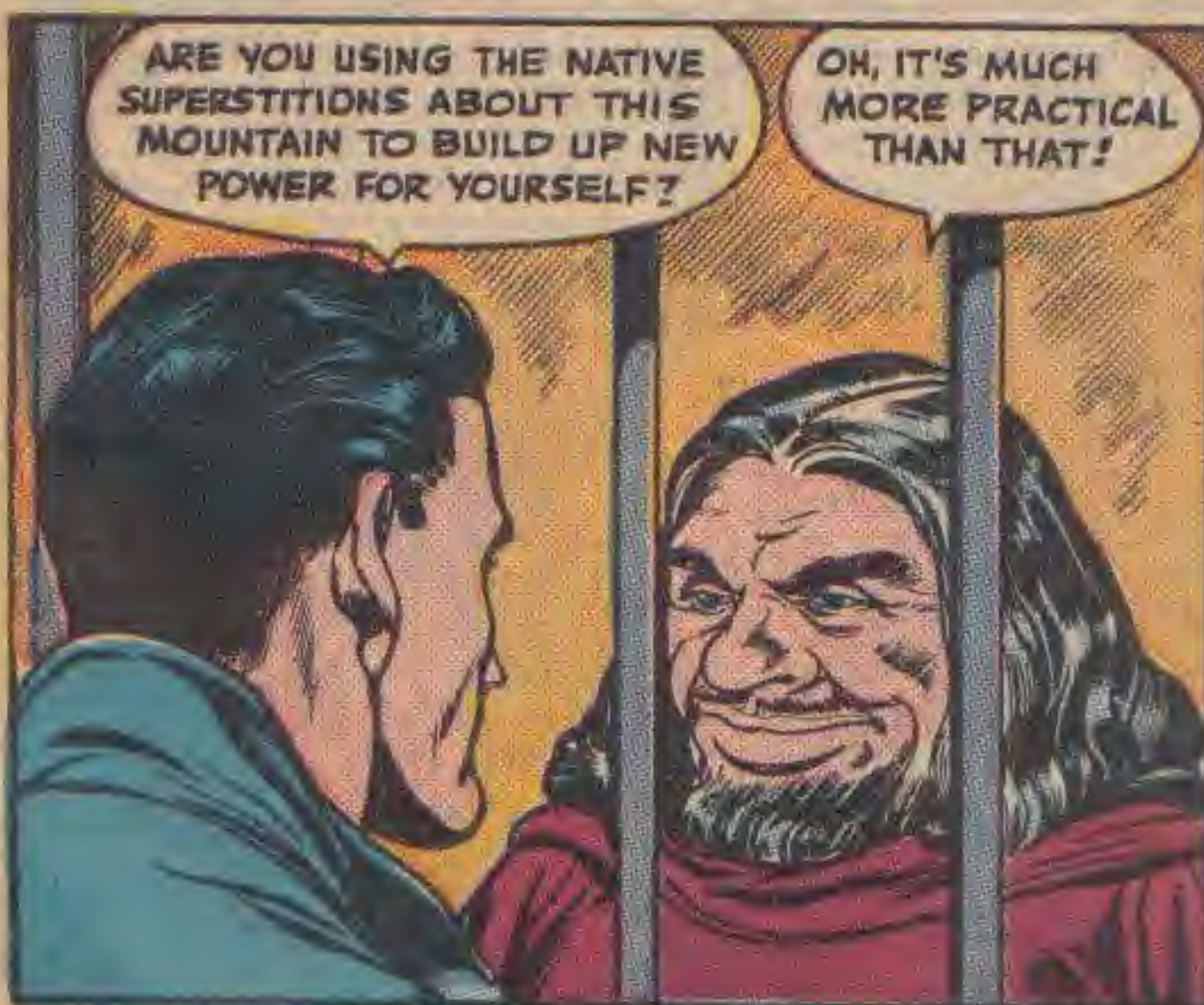














AND YOUR AGENTS BELOW, ACTING AS PRIESTS, INDUCE THE NATIVES TO SACRIFICE THEIR TREASURES TO YOU?

HOW QUICKLY YOU CATCH ON, BLACKHAWK! YES, THEY BRING RICHES TO THE TEMPLES AT THE MOUNTAIN'S FOOT -- WE SMUGGLE THEM UP HERE THROUGH HIDDEN TUNNELS! SOMETIMES WE DESCEND AND KILL A FEW NATIVES, TO KEEP THEM BELIEVING IN THE DEVILS!



I'M PLANNING A **HUMAN SACRIFICE** CEREMONY TO IMPRESS MY NATIVE FRIENDS! YOU AND SOME OTHERS WILL STAR IN THE SHOW -- LATER! GOODBYE FOR THE PRESENT!



WE'VE BEEN IN TOUGH SPOTS LIKE THIS BEFORE -- WHERE SOMEONE THOUGHT HE HAD US, BUT DIDN'T!

LOOK! THERE'S A DOOR IN THE SIDE OF THE TUNNEL -- AND I HEAR SOMEONE TALKING!



MA'M'SELLE, ZIS EES ZE HAPPIEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE!

ANDRE'S VOICE!

ANDRE! THIS IS BLACK-HAWK!



WE'LL SHOVE HARD ON THE DOOR -- YOU PULL ON THAT SIDE! WE CAN BREAK THE LOCK AND GET TOGETHER!

ANYONE ELSE BUT BLACKHAWK I WOULD CALL ZE INTRUDER, BUT START ZE PUSH!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, ANDRE?

AH, MAIS OUI! ZEY LOCK ME IN HERE WIZ ZE LOVELY MA'M'SELLE -- ZE MOST CHARMANT I HAVE EVER KNOWN!



PERMIT ME, MA'M'SELLE MERRITT -- MY BEST FRIENDS -- BLACKHAWK, OLAF, AND STANISLAUS!





























# TORCHY



















That night...

THAT GIRL IS NOT ONLY STEALING MONTROSE AWAY FROM ME, BUT SHE'S GOT EVERY OTHER AVAILABLE MAN WRAPPED AROUND HER LITTLE FINGER! I MUST GET HER OUT OF THIS HOUSE SOMEHOW!



PLEASE STAY HERE TONIGHT! I WANT YOU TO KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE -- LIVING IN MONTROSE MULARGEY'S MANSION! THEN, IN THE MORNING, WHEN I ASK YOU TO BE MY WIFE, YOU WILL KNOW WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO LIVE HERE!

HE'S PROPOSING! AND ONLY THIS MORNING HE WAS JUST A PICTURE IN A NEWSPAPER TO ME!



Later...

A MAN LIKE MONTROSE AND ALL THIS, TOO! GOLLY, I'M LUCKY!



BEWARE!



WH-WHAT? WHO SAID THAT?

THE WIFE OF MONTROSE MULARGEY WILL DIE IN THIS ROOM! I KNOW! I AM THE GHOST OF HIS GRANDFATHER'S WIFE!



I WAS MURDERED IN THAT BED!

EEEEEEK! HELP!



MONTROSE! HELP!

TORCHY! GOOD HEAVENS!





I ALMOST FORGOT MY  
TOUPEE AND MY TEETH!



WHAT ON  
EARTH'S  
WRONG?

SAVE ME!  
IT'S A  
GHOST!



YAWP!



MONTROSE! YOUR HAIR! YOUR  
TEETH! I MEAN... YOUR  
LACK OF THEM!



A HAUNTED  
HOUSE... AND  
YOU TOO!  
BRRR-RR!

HEY!  
WAIT!



I DON'T WANT  
HIM ANY MORE  
THAN YOU DO!

Several days later...



NUTS!

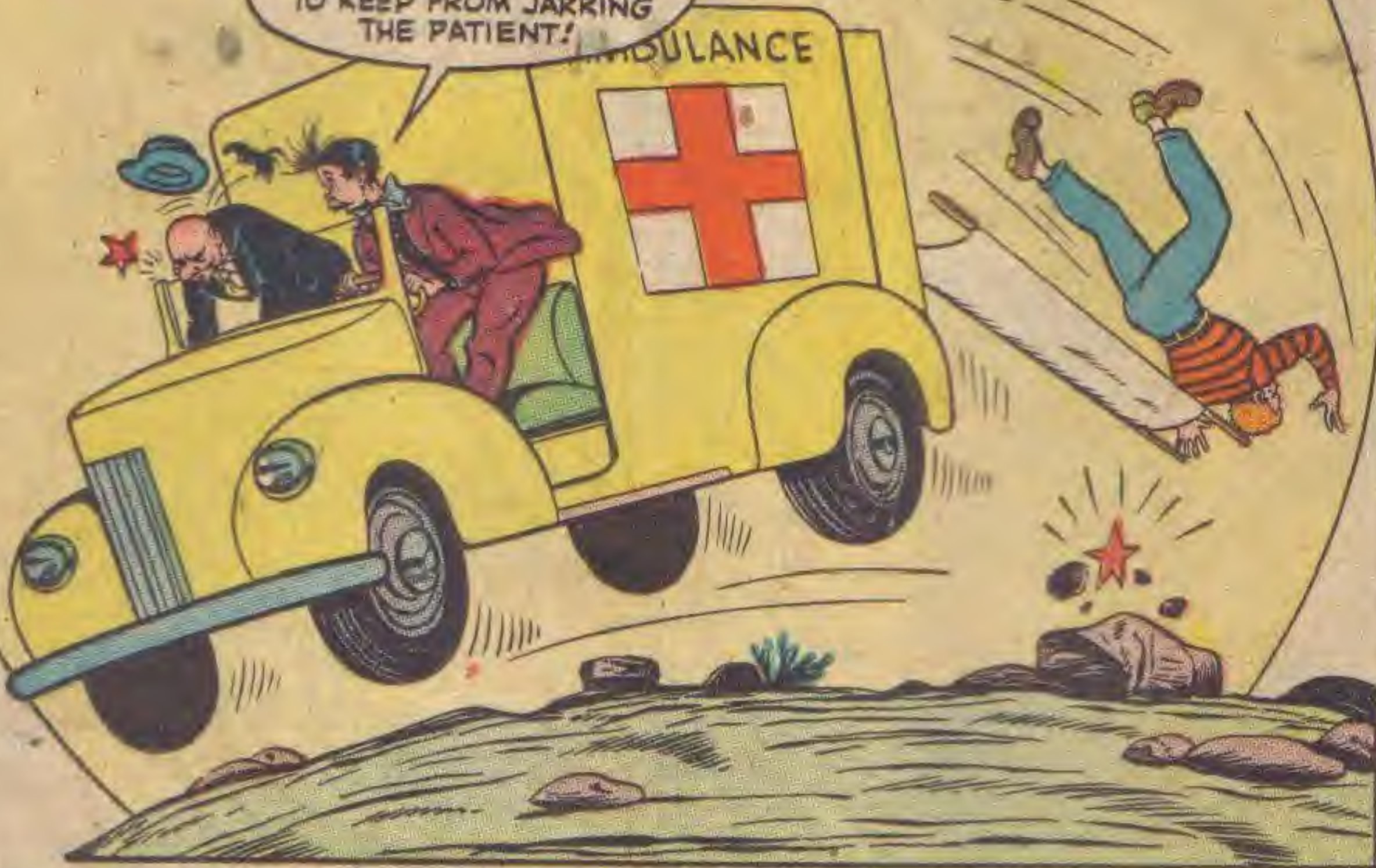
SOCIETY NOTES

Millionaire  
Playboy Takes  
Private Plane  
Up For Spin...



# DOGTAC

THE IDEA IN  
DRIVING ONE OF THESE  
THINGS IS TO GO FAST YET  
TO KEEP FROM JARRING  
THE PATIENT!



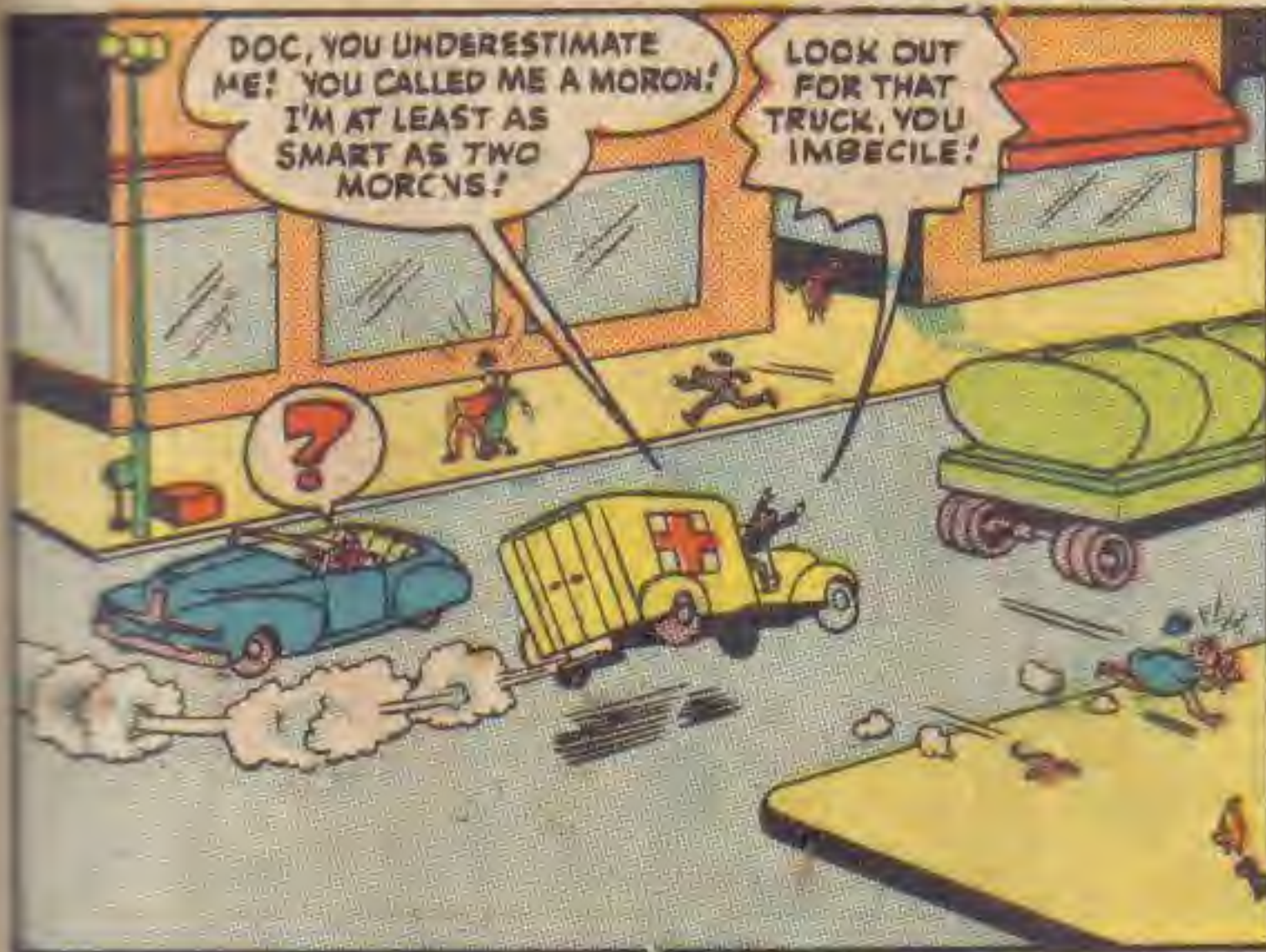




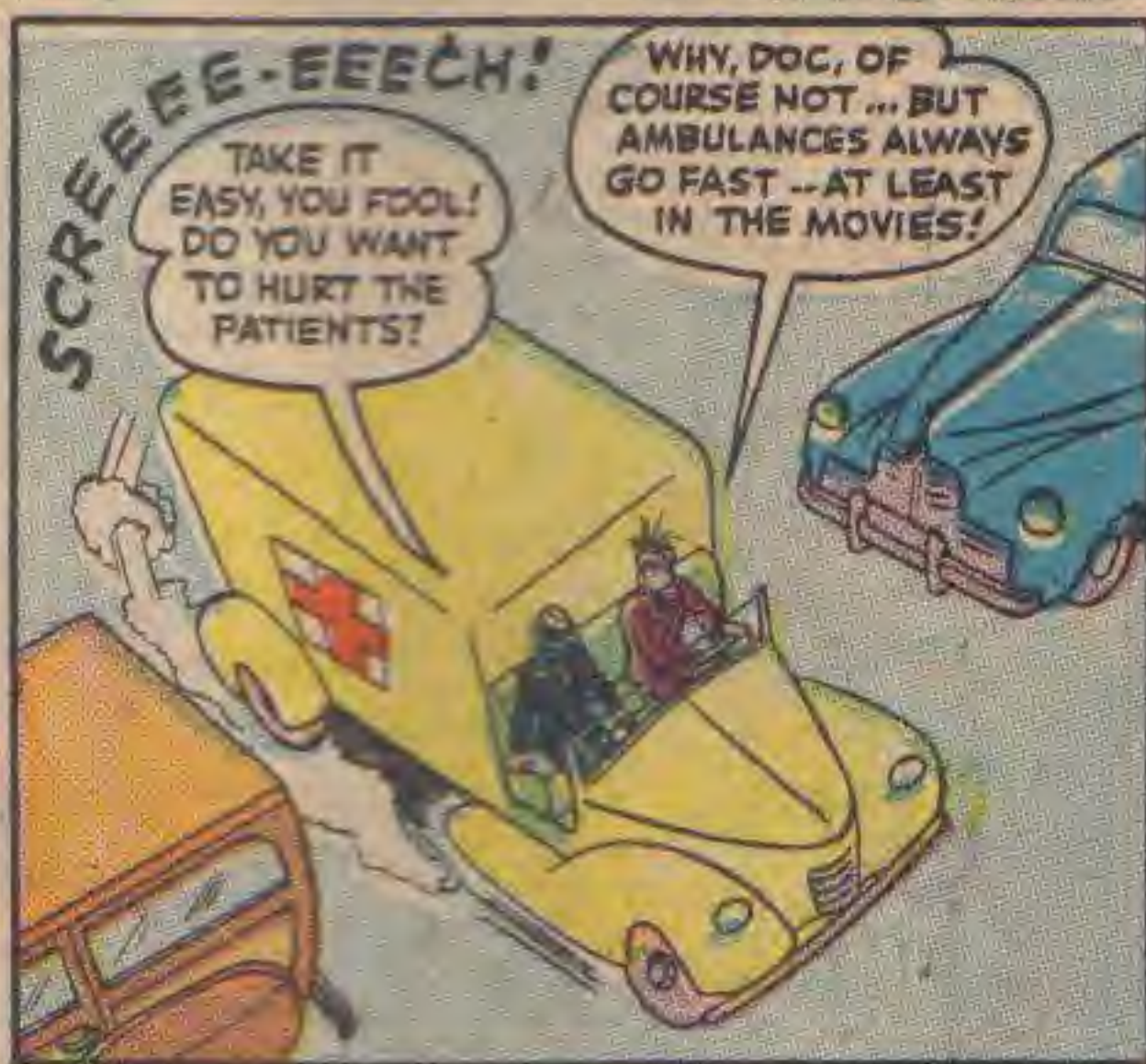


















# EZRA



As our story opens, we find a train racing for the little town of Manorville...







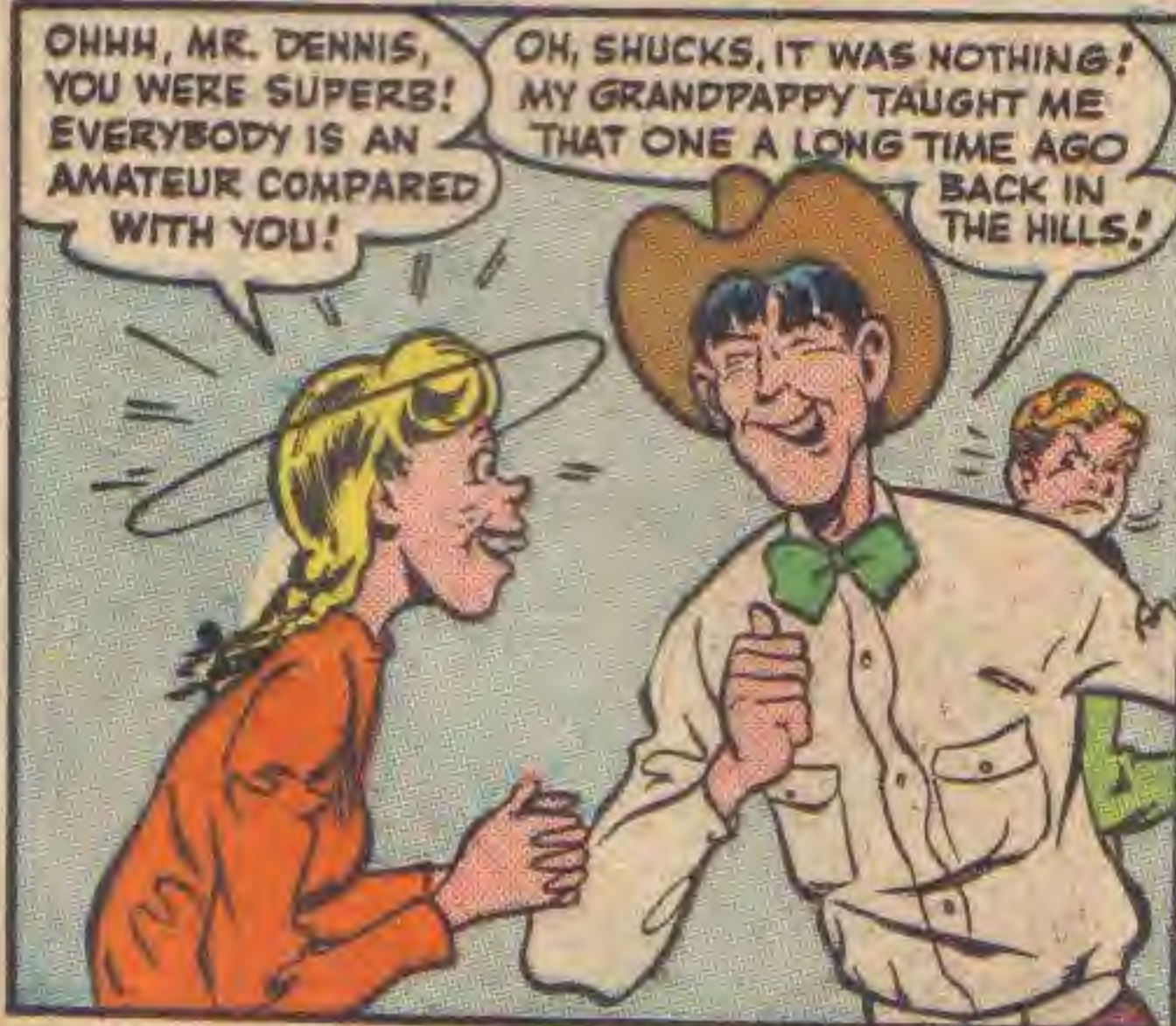
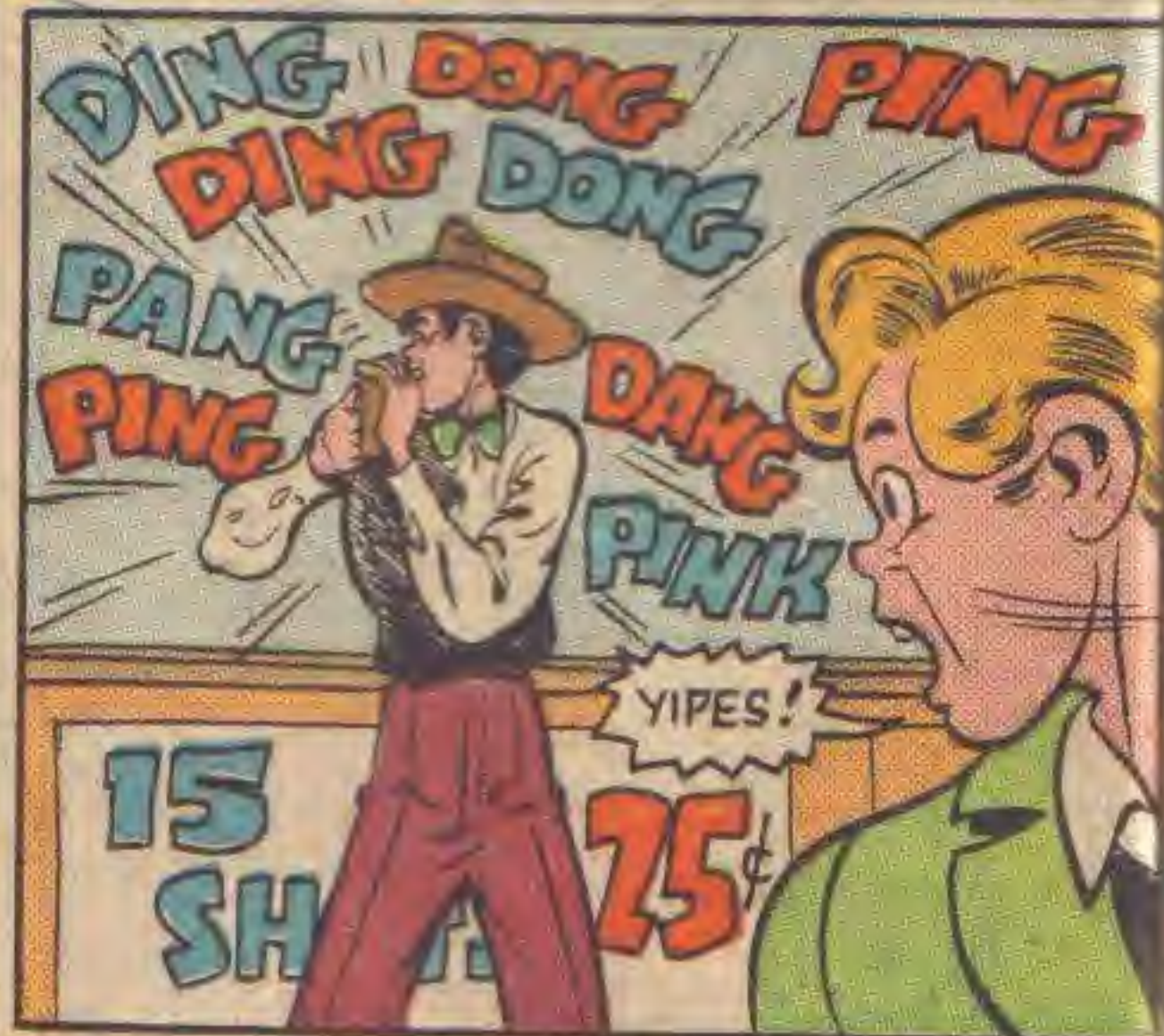




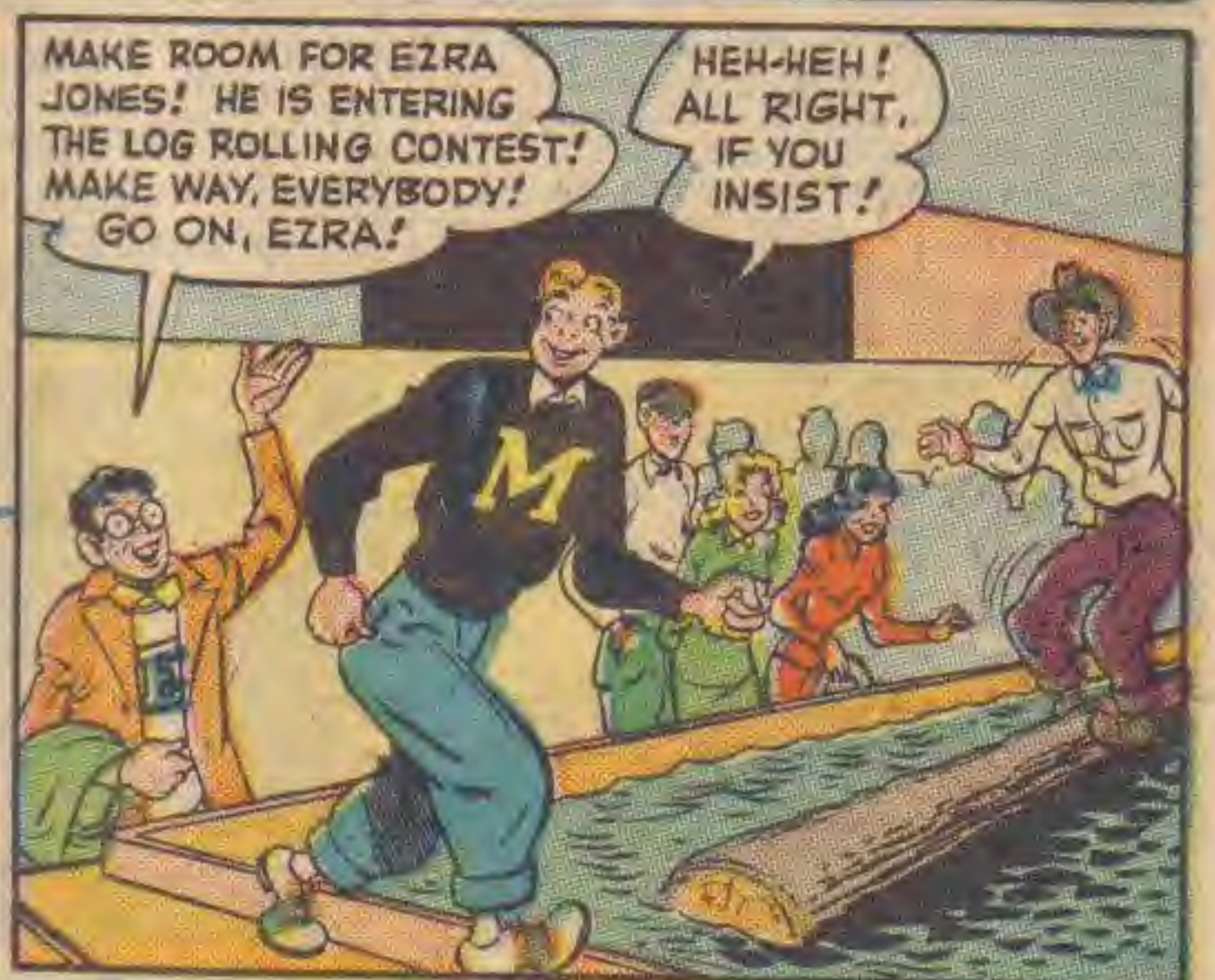








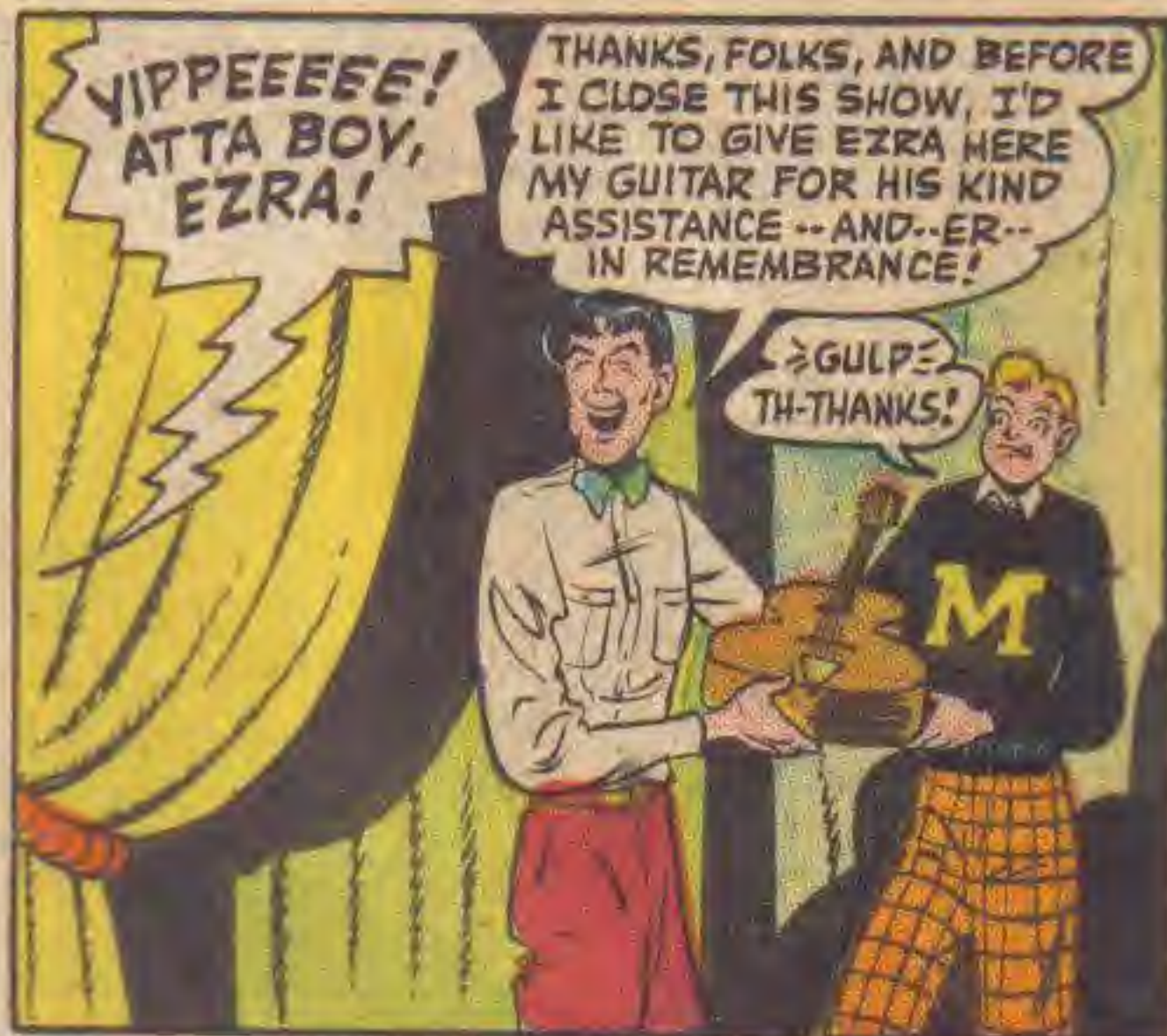






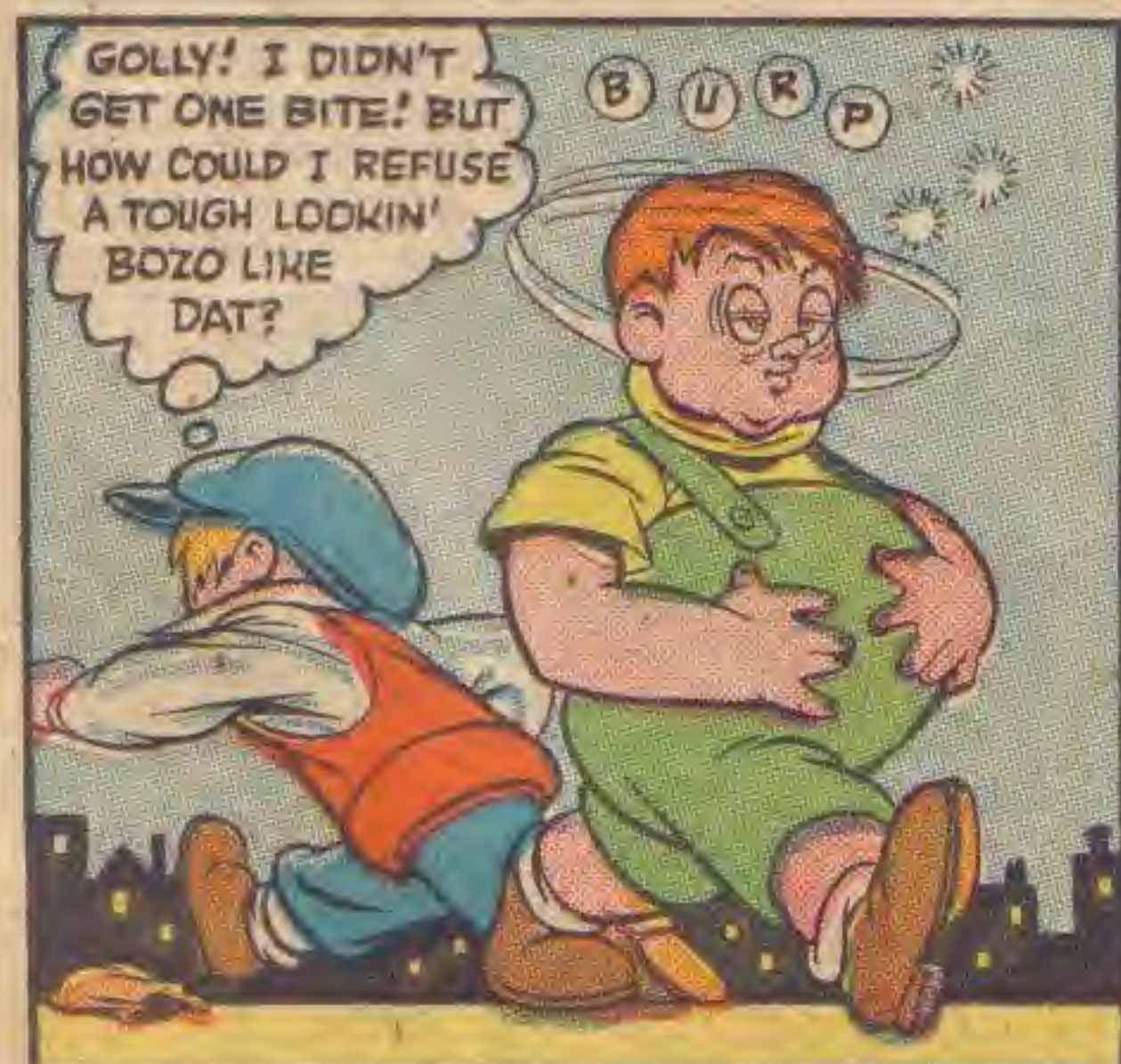








# POODLE McDOODLE





YES, I'VE BEEN  
TINKERING AROUND  
WITH A LITTLE  
ELECTRICITY!  
BUT HOW'D  
YOU KNOW!

A LITTLE  
GLO-WORM  
TOLD ME!

# Will

# Bragg

WHO WAS  
THAT?

WILL  
BRAGG,  
I GUESS!

THAT'S RIGHT! I  
SAW MRS. MAHOULAHAN  
GO UPSTAIRS TO  
COLLECT HIS  
RENT!

SWISH-H-H...









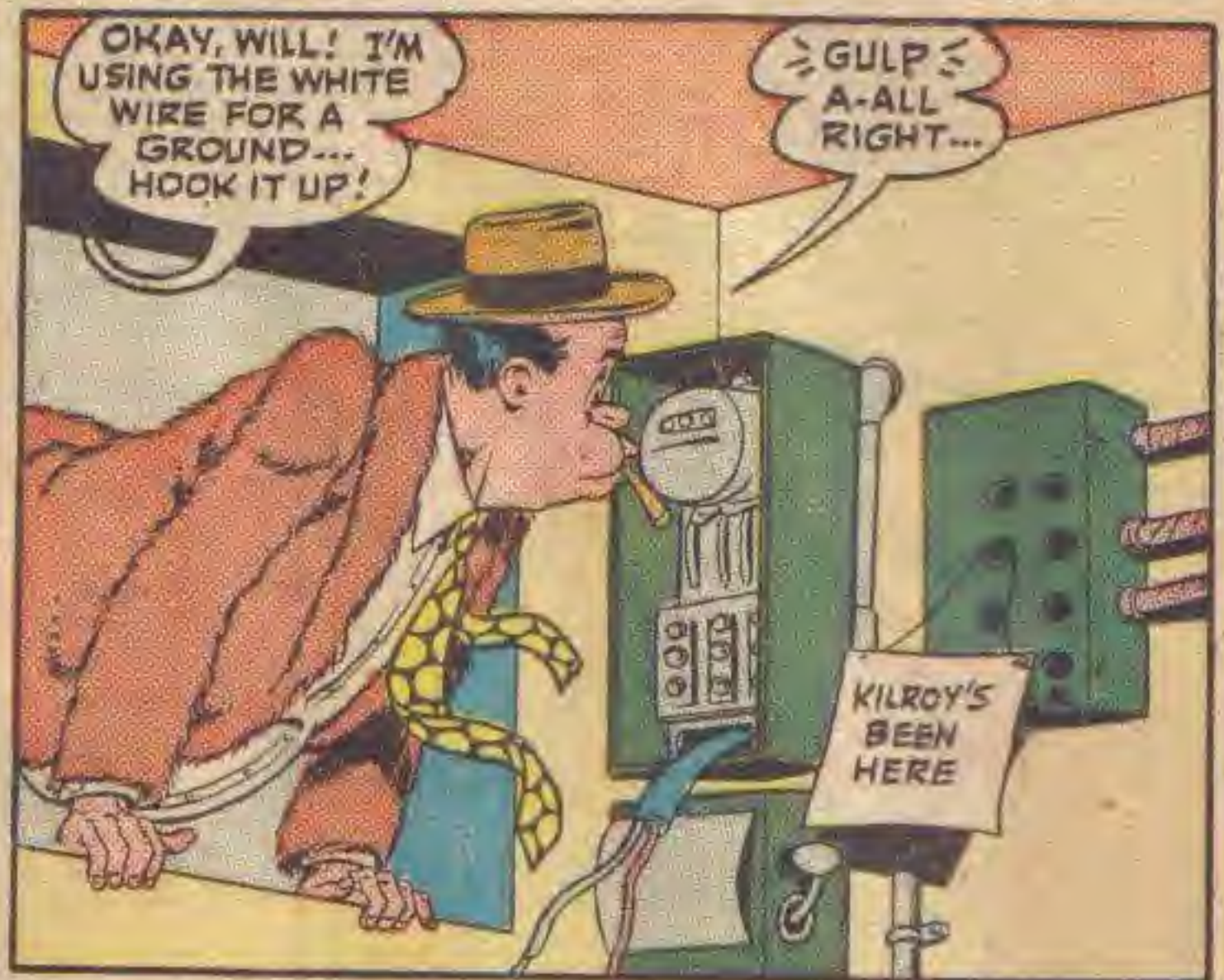




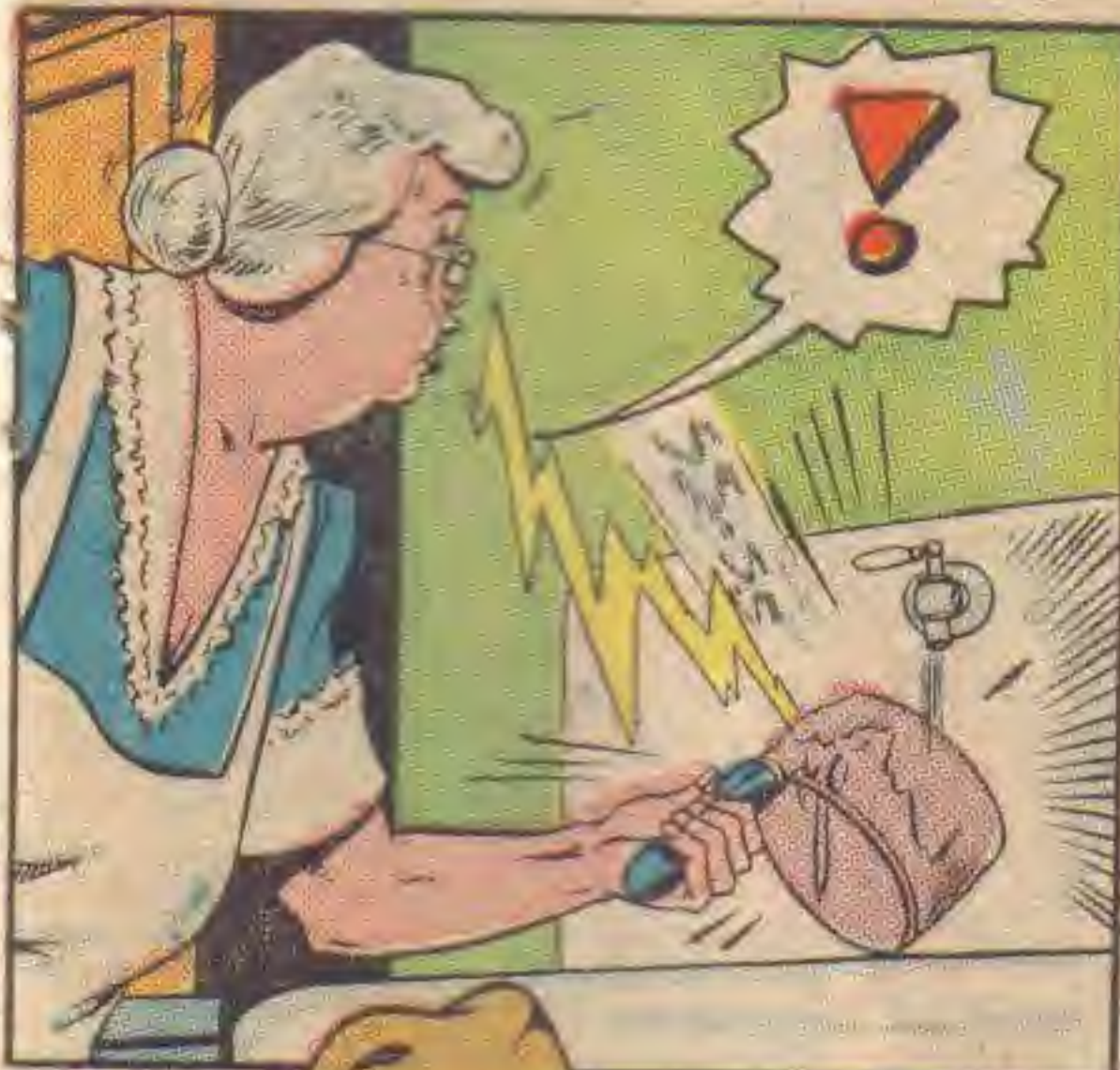






















# STRANGE FRIENDS

**T**HE buck raced along the wooded trail like a lightning bolt, seeming to cover the ground in leaps that actually didn't make earthy contact. Behind him padded a huge wolverine, nostrils flared, eyes flaming, great fangs gleaming as his tongue slavered. Fresh meat! Juicy buck!

The wolverine hadn't eaten in two days and he was starved. The terrible storm had chased all the game far to the south. Now in all his vast domain there didn't seem to be a single living thing. He had to have food. Now!

The streams were all frozen with many inches of ice. It wasn't possible to break that sheath and flip fish out, like one did in the summer months.

All the birds had flown, too, even the hardy ptarmigan which could endure the fiercest weather without worrying. Mink and otter, martin and sable, all had gone, driven south by the great storm that had raged over the tundra for many days.

And now the big wolverine, his sides flat and hollow, was padding like a gray streak after a fine meal. He'd outrun the buck. He'd hamstring him. He'd catch him trapped in a hollow and leap upon him, burying those two-inch fangs in the fat neck.

The buck still raced along, skimming bushes and other obstructions as if they weren't there. And not far behind him raced the wolverine, cagiest animal in the forest.

Who would win the race?

The buck was tiring. Streamers of smoke plumed from his wide nostrils and his breath came in wheezing gasps. The wolverine panted easily. He could keep up this pace for many miles.

Suddenly the wolverine's ears twitched and shot erect. From far ahead had come a sound that caused his heart to beat faster than his twinkling feet. Yelping. Yowling. High whining yowls.

He saw the deer suddenly lower his head and come to a pawing stop. Then from the bushes, long, lean gray bodies shot toward him.

Wolves! A dozen of them leaped at the heavy buck, who tossed them on his horns, stamped the hard-packed snow and bleated as more wolves came in for the kill.

The wolverine slunk low, sneaked ahead and watched. No. Those blasted wolves cheat him out of his dinner? They wouldn't! But then he had only to wait until they had drowned the buck and then he'd flash in and make short work of them.

He paused. Making short work of a pack of starving wolves was no task for a single wolverine. Once he had been surrounded by only four wolves, and had been hard put to it to wiggle free. No, they weren't to be trifled with—especially when half starved, as they certainly were.

The buck fought like a veteran of many wolf battles. With a great toss of his head he'd heave a wolf twenty feet, then he'd leap forward and gore it terribly with his mighty horns. But all this time other wolves were ripping at his neck, at his flanks, at his hocks.

Suddenly the wolverine saw that the buck was fighting a losing game. If that buck lost, the wolves would instantly eat him, tear him to pieces; then what would he—the wolverine—do for food?

He did it so abruptly that the wolves were caught off balance. He slashed in like a gray bolt.

At his first leap he caught a wolf and tore its throat out. The hot blood gushed over his head, partially blinding him. But it tasted warm and good to him. He shook his great head and leaped again, just as two gray shadows were making for him.

He caught one by the throat and shook. Another burst of rushing red blood. Then he had the other one by the breast, gnawing, worrying it. He heard the breast bone crunch in his powerful teeth.

And then he found that all the wolves were either killed or else had slunk off to lick their wounds. He looked at the big buck, who was down on his front legs licking a gaping wound



in his foreleg.

The wolverine licked his chops. Deer!

Then the deer looked up and saw his deadly enemy. He tried to rise, bleated timorously and remained in his strange position. He shook his great head and a broken antler rattled. His eyes were wide, staring, fearful.

Something happened within the brain of the vicious wolverine. Here was his age old enemy, down. Now, indeed, the buck was fair prey for wolves—even a single wolf could take him in this condition. He padded across the red stained snow close to where the buck licked his wound. Then he sat down and watched, tongue slaver-ing. A soft moan issued from his heavy throat. The deer looked at him. And now the great eyes had lost some of their fear.

The buck bleated softly, tried again to rise, and this time made it. But he wobbled and staggered.

The wolverine grunted and moaned. The buck lowered his head and bleated, his eyes searching his enemy's glaring green orbs. But there was no hate now in the wolverine's gaze. Only mystification.

Slowly, painfully the buck began limping out of the glade. And behind him padded the furry wolverine, sniffing at the dainty tracks and moaning occasionally.

Thus for miles the two trotted through the forest, exchanging bleats for moans and grunts.

And so, many weeks went by—and the buck and his enemy, the wolverine, plodded the trails together, the best of friends. Now they faced their common enemies together, one with lowered head and sharp horns; the other with slashing fangs. And they were the masters of the woods.

Never had either seen a white man, and only a few Indians. But one day they came upon a new track in the snow. It was a strange track, with a clearly defined heel and large sole. Not a mocassin track. A white man's track!

Being the taller, the buck spied the man first, from afar. He was carrying a long rifle and over his shoulder dangled and rattled several steel traps. Far in the distance the deer could see a strange white thing—a tent. A trickle of smoke curled up from it.

He conveyed the information to the wolverine who crouched behind him. The wolverine slunk ahead and peered through the bushes, catching a good look.

Always suspicious, the wolverine instantly detected danger in this man, in his rifle and in his traps. He told the buck that they'd keep away from this man. Hurriedly they turned and headed back the way they had come.

Several times during the following week they came across the white man's odd tracks. They sniffed at them and bounded away. Man was dangerous!

One day a tiny screaming missile, like a hornet, buzzed past the buck's head, fanning his ear with a whistling breeze. Immediately after that the crack of a rifle sounded some distance away.

With a great bound the deer cleared some brush and vanished. The wolverine slunk like a gray shadow in his wake. Yes, they'd have to be careful. The white man sent thunder and lightning at them.

Twice during the next few days that buzzing insect sounded close to the buck's head, to be followed by the angry thunder clap.

Then one day, quite some time after the last encounter with the noisy insect, the buck was trotting along a gloomy trail, head up, when he caught a most appetizing smell. It was such a smell as he hadn't smelled in ages, long ago when he had roamed the valleys far to the south, where wild fruits grew. And something else. He had smelled that smell once before, too. And he had eaten of both. Oh, how good they had tasted!

And now here were both tantalizing him. He lowered his head. The odor grew more powerful. He was getting closer to it. Then he saw it. A great handful of dry brown oats and on top of it half an apple.

What luck! Such food for a hungry deer! He had made one leap toward it, head down in anticipation, when the wolverine hit him a mighty blow in the side, knocking him almost to the ground. The beast shook his shaggy head, grunting and moaning.

For a moment the buck was angry, then he watched the wolverine grab a long branch in his mouth and approach the oats and apple. Carefully circling, he dragged the branch over the food. A great crash followed. A heavy framework tumbled down, just missing the wolverine. He leaped out of the way and stood back, eyeing the buck, as if to say, "There, stupid one. Always spring traps first and you'll never get caught in one!"



# CHOO CHOO

GOSH, CHOO CHOO, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN SUCH A WEIRD STREET? IT'S ABSOLUTELY EMPTY! WHERE IS EVERYBODY?

HOW CAN YOU WONDER ABOUT AN EMPTY STREET WHEN WE HAVE SUCH EMPTY STOMACHS? OHHH!

IF WE DON'T FIND A JOB SOON ---

SHHH, CHOO CHOO! I-I THINK SOMEBODY'S COMING!

I'M GLAD I WALKED OUT ON THAT CHISELER HAL PARKER! I TOLD HIM THAT HE HAD TO TREAT ME LIKE A LADY --OR ELSE!

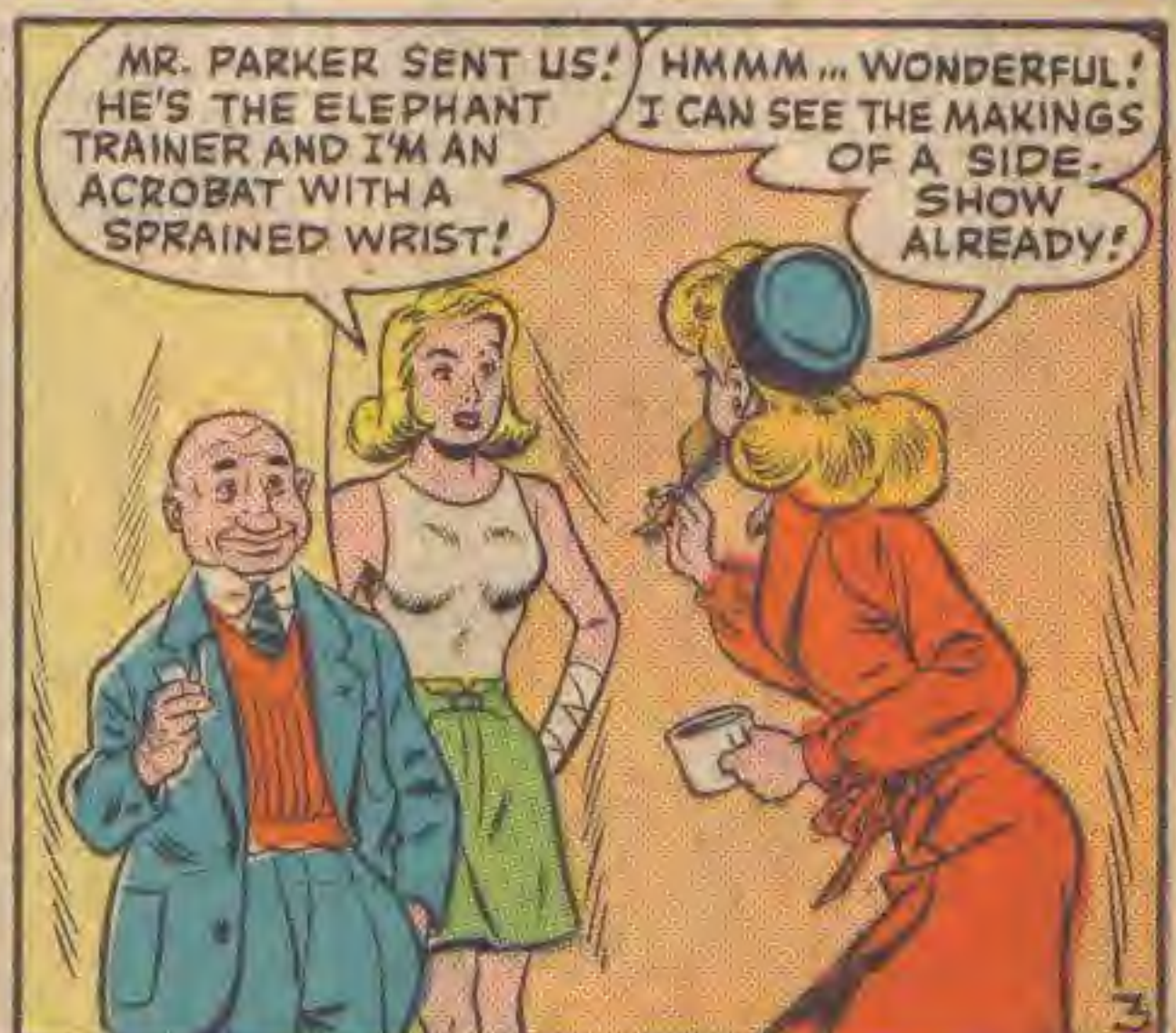
A L-LADY?

»GULP«

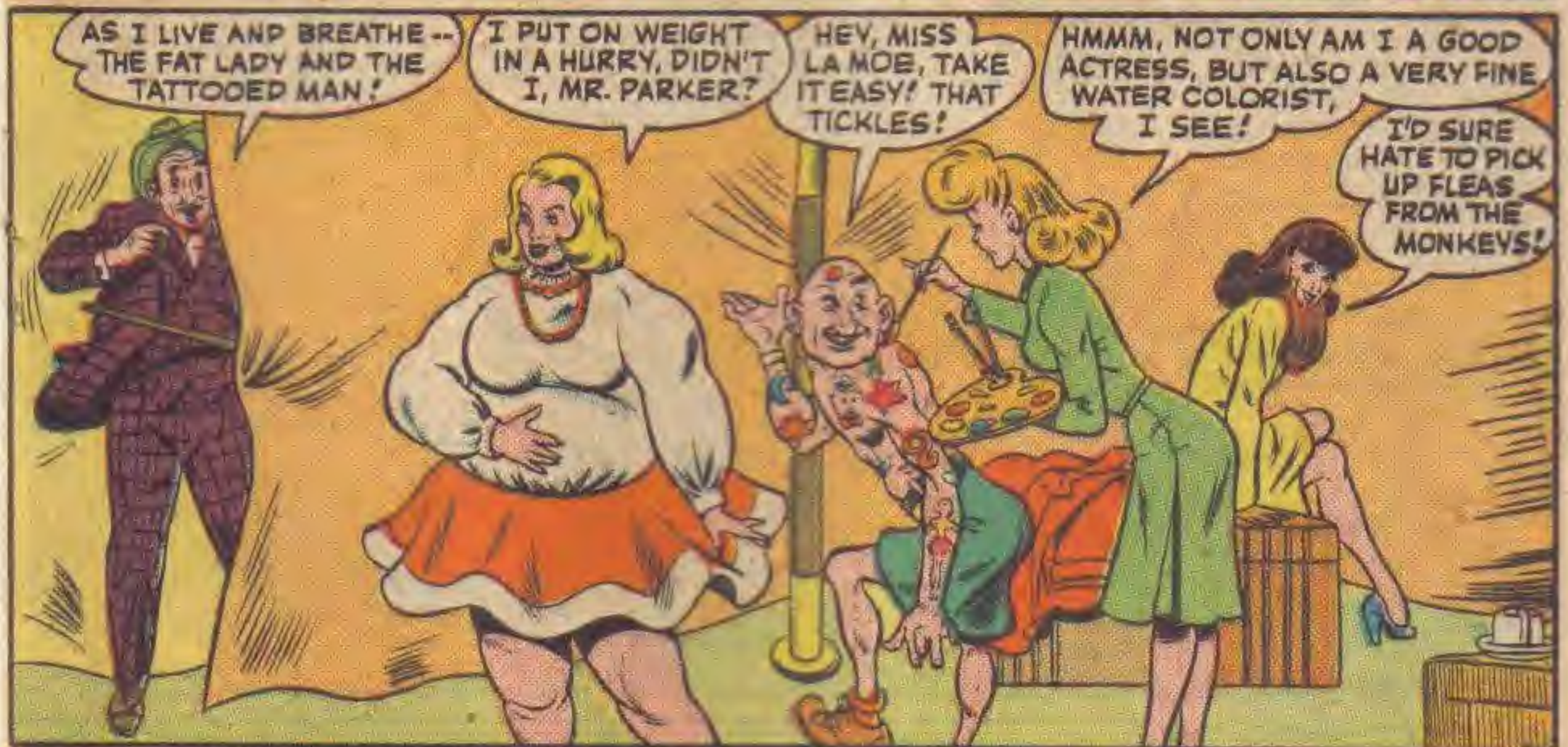




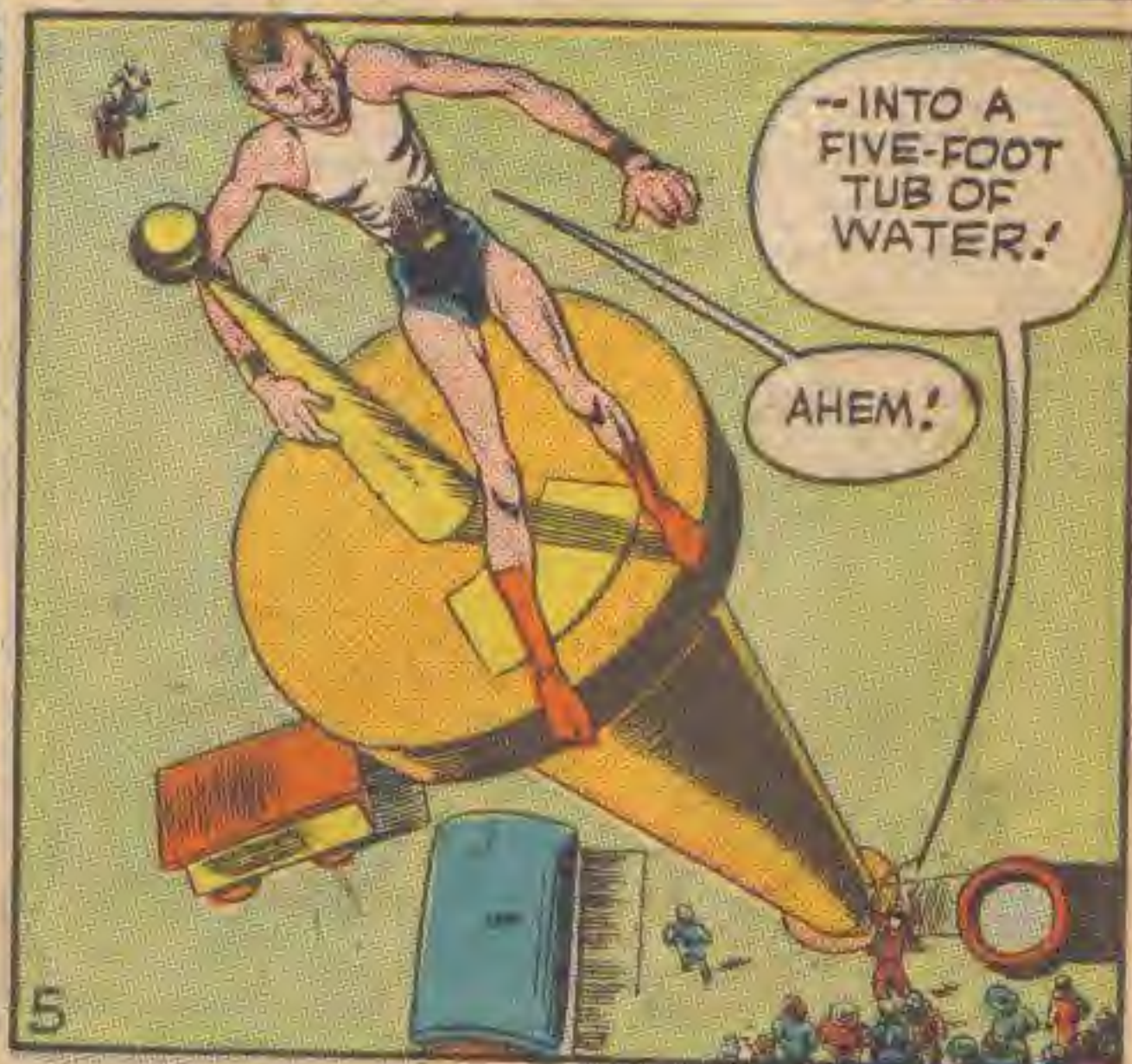
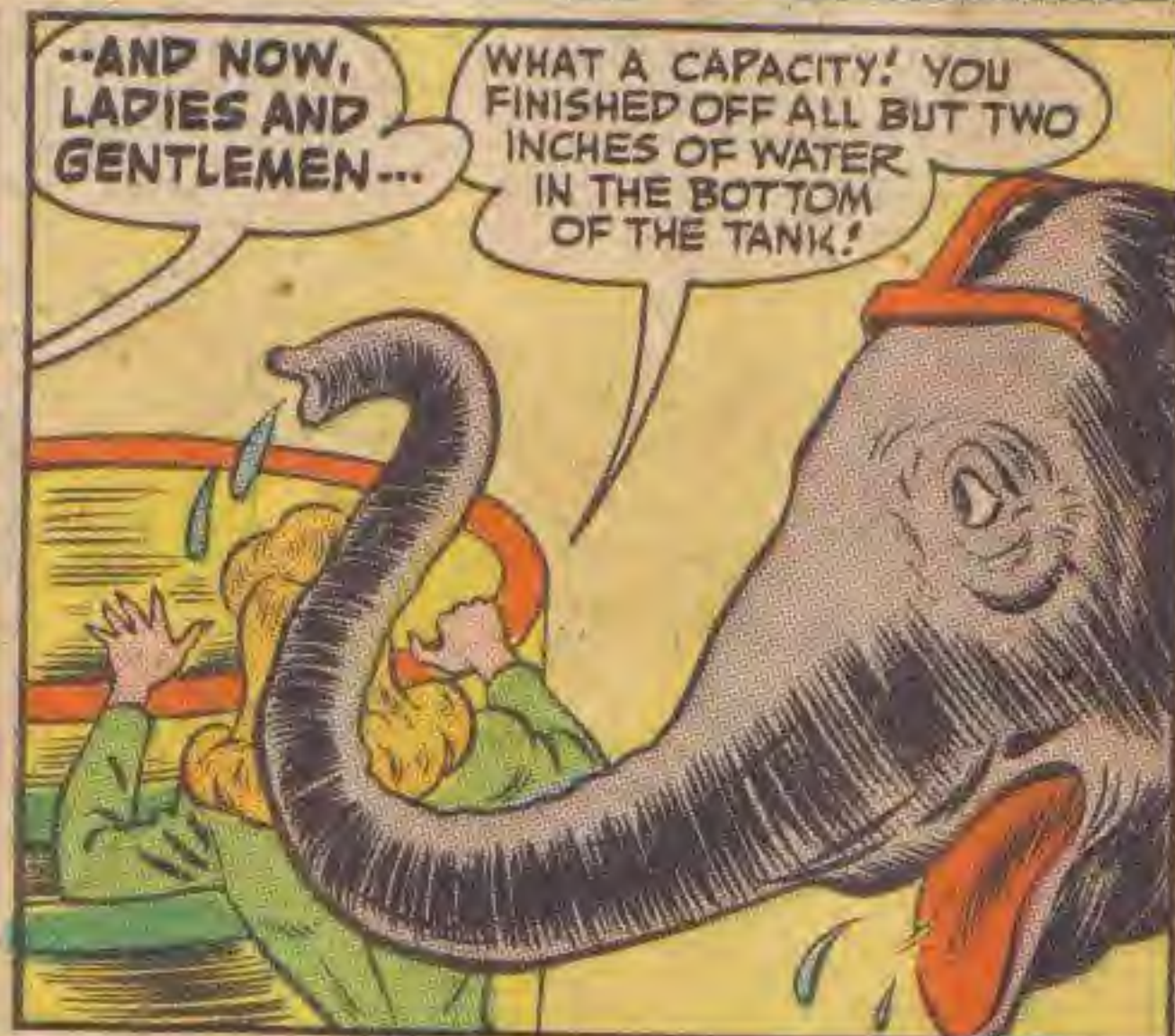








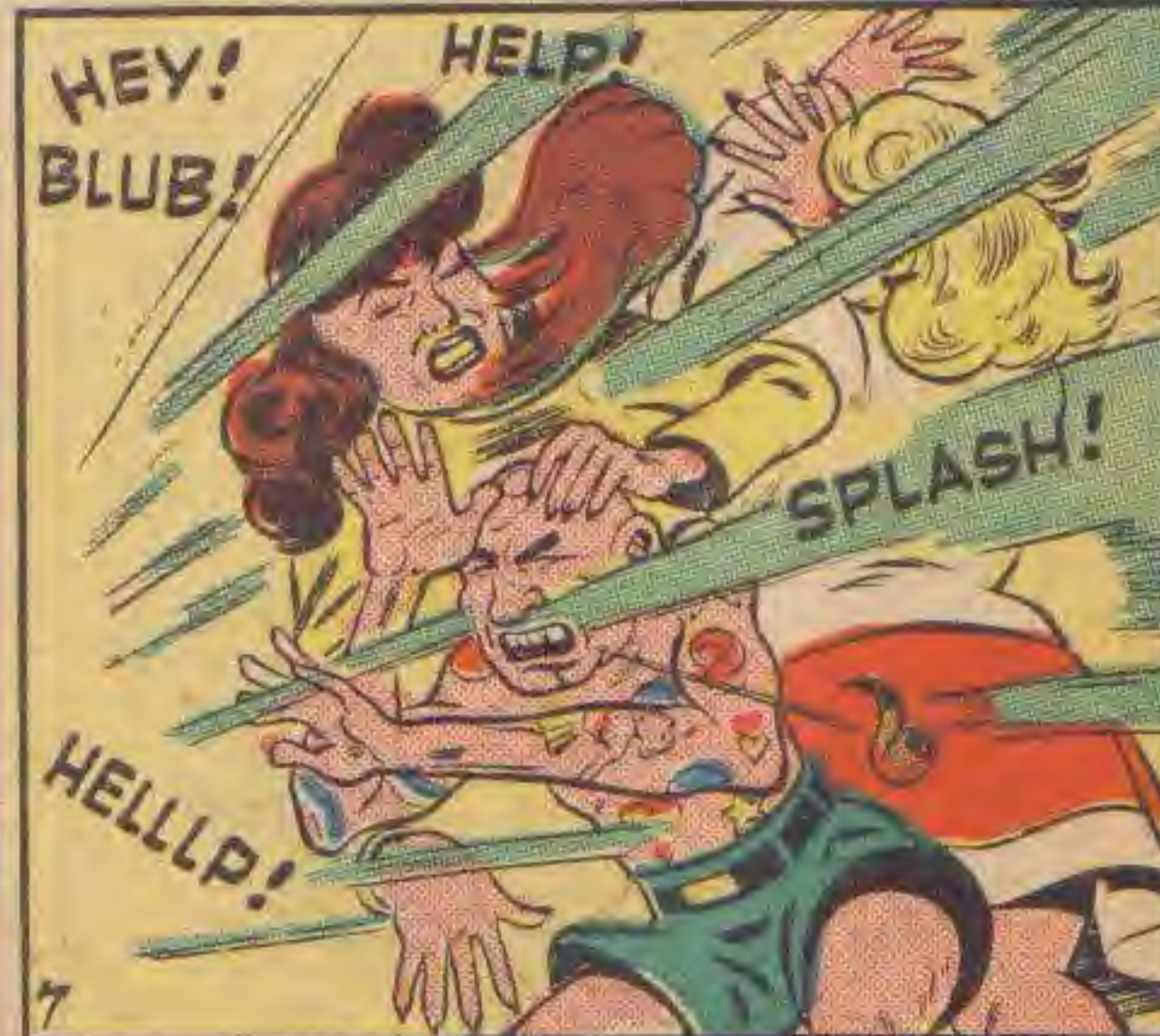




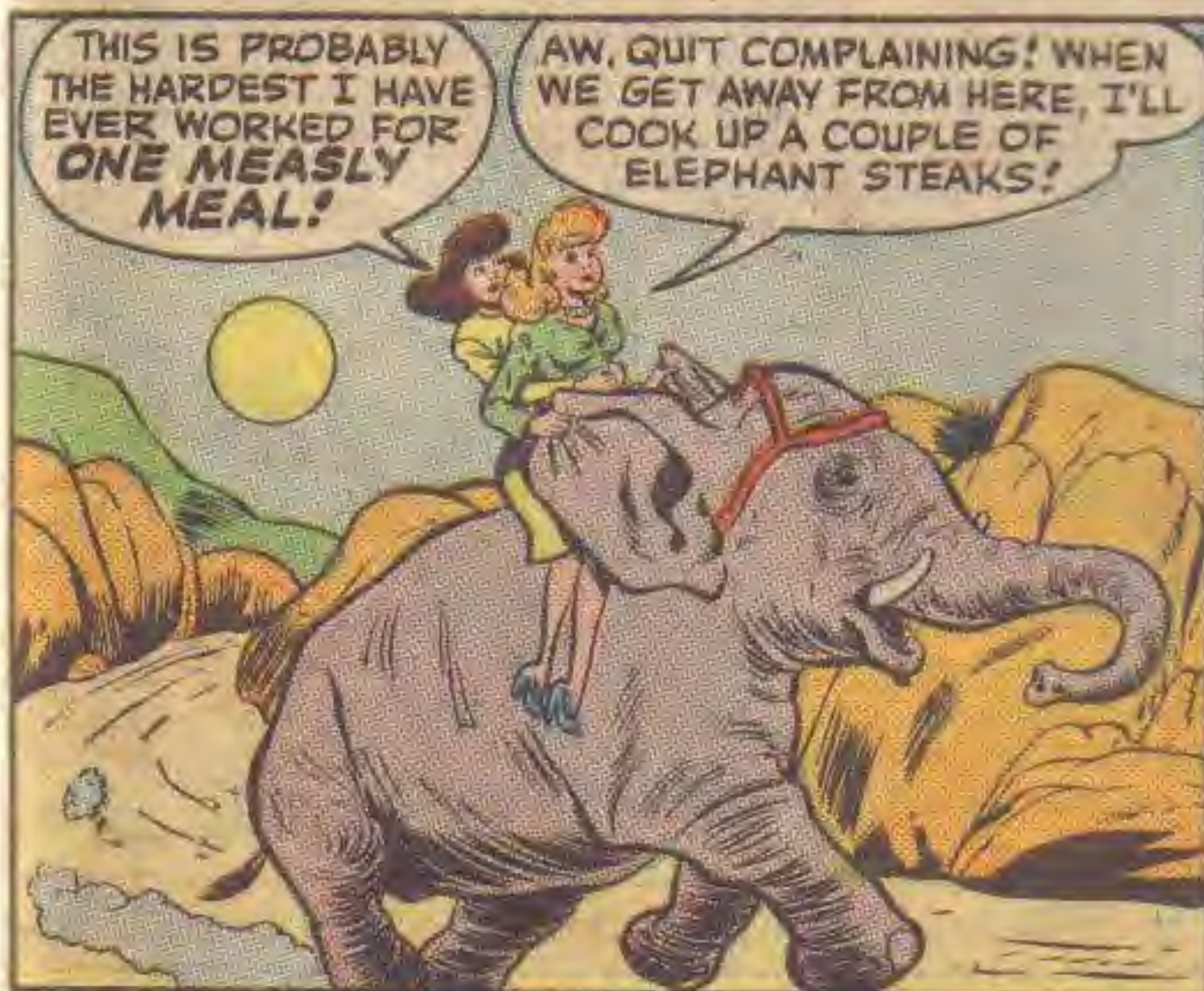














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FOR THE SCHWINN  
SEAL OF QUALITY  
ON THE FRAME  
BENEATH THE SADDLE



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**2** WOWIE! I'VE GOTTA NOTIFY TH' POLICE—AN' QUICK! BOY! AM I GLAD I'VE GOT A SCHWINN BIKE. SO I CAN TEAR ALONG



LATER



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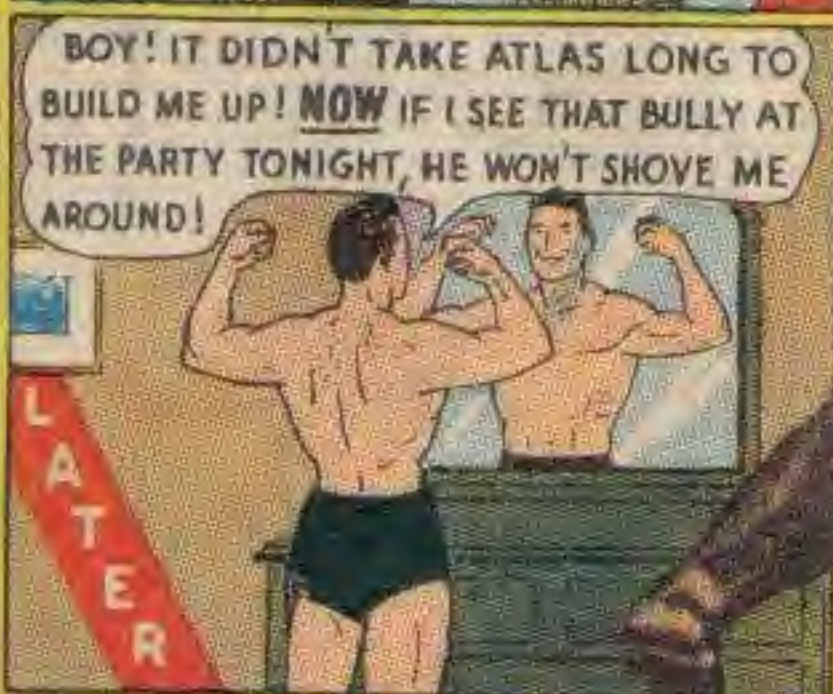


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